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Otters

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Otters

Patrick Brown

Check *this* out, Lucille.

Try not to spook 'em though;

you know how skittish they can be.

See the chunky one in the first canoe?

The one pointing at us, bouncing like he's gotta pee?

Well, note the Sony minicam -- yeah, that's it, dangling in the water!

Isn't that a stitch? You think you've seen all their tricks,

then they come up with something new...

Remember that last bunch through?

You and Rupert belly-whopping down the riverbank?

The pasty blonde standing up to snap a photo,

upsetting her canoe? And her boyfriend,

flailing with his paddle, trying to snag their cooler

as I towed it toward shore? Lord, the looks

they get on their faces when they play!

And how about that Youth for Christ group last September?

How we dozed in the sun, still as stones on that sandbar?

How they paddled soooooo softly right up to us?

How we reared up, bared our teeth, hissed like geese from Hell?

How the old one with legs like a heron hollered,

"Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! It's the Black Hounds of Satan!"?

How she spun around and smacked that moon-eyed redhead with her paddle?

How they thrashed at the water in opposite directions

'til Birdlegs passed out? I swear,

they'll do anything to keep us laughing!

Well, time to get to work, Lucille.

Fetch Rupert over to the willow stump;

I've got that bar of Ivory Blondie pitched at me stashed there.

We'll each take a bite, work up a good lather, then swim like hell,

hissing & frothing for all we're worth, right smack at them.

That'll get 'em going -- who *knows* what they'll do!

Oh -- and by the way, Lucille, the Sony is *mine* ...